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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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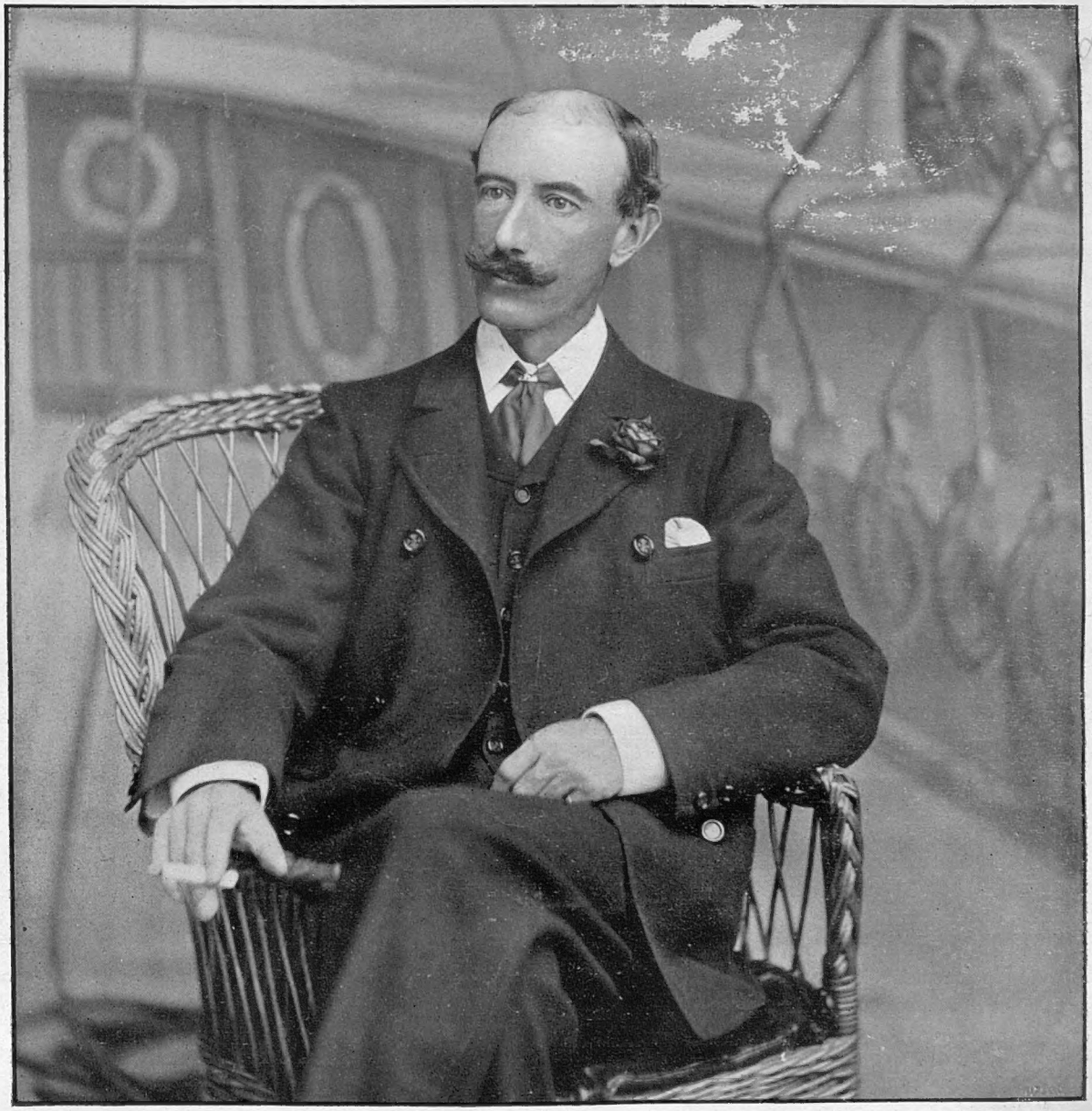

Photo by *Kirk*

The Earl of Dunraven

The well-known yachtsman who has raced for the America Cup, and who is always a prominent figure at Cowes

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Random Jottings

Unconventional Holidays

If holidays are in future to be "unconventional," as a contemporary suggests, another terror is in store for the British paterfamilias. To take apartments at Margate, convey his wife, family, and luggage thither, and pay for the doctor's bill afterwards, has hitherto been the sort of trial to which he has submitted because it was a custom. The holidays were then—so to speak—most unnecessary, but still holidays—days that had to be arranged for at a minimum of exertion, until the happy time should come when the children might return to school and he to business.

Paterfamilias Camping Out

Now he is told that the way to enjoy holidays is to be unconventional. Have a Martello-tower, or a caravan, or a tent; visit some camp where you spend your time between sun-baths and billiards; do something that nobody would ever have dreamt of doing if everybody weren't going to do it this year. That is the advice proffered him. Somehow, we cannot help sympathising with the British father—suddenly condemned by the power of the Press to start off with his wife and family and luggage to lead the Simpler Life. When all he wants to do is to rest, and not be worried.

Any Offers?

One feels that it would be an exciting experience to hear a sermon from the reverend gentleman who lately inserted the following advertisement in the *Record*:

A CLERGYMAN, whose bicycle has, like many a good curate, grown [illegible] worn itself out by seven and a half years' daily [illegible] porting and carrying triumphantly [illegible] and thoroughly Evangelical, whereby its [illegible]dy and sound magnificent frame have become s[illegible]kened, and impaired, that it has fallen in the appr[illegible] the parish from £20 to 7s., or about the cost of this advertisement, is open to the acceptance of a generous offer of another from someone who is perhaps taking to motor along with much rumbling noise and alarming velocity among the High and Dry, and raise a suffocating dust and odour at the expense of authority and order. If you have one to part with, please address [illegible]

This *Record* advertisement seems a remarkably

PATERFAMILIAS ENJOYS A PEACEFUL, RESTFUL HOLIDAY

"M'ria, just listen to this. Some ridiculous faddist dares to assert that—*Horace, be quiet!*—that the usual method of spending a holiday is unprofitable, unreasonable, and not in the least enjoyable. Now I ask you, *could* anything be more peaceful, more restful, and more—*Clarence, give over throwing sand!*—more reasonable than our way?"

expensive amusement for a gentleman who cannot afford a new bicycle.

The Vanishing Bookmakers

"The Ministers of Agriculture and of the Interior have decided to exclude bookmakers from all racecourses from August next," declares a Reuter message from Paris. One does not quite see where the Minister of Agriculture comes in, until one remembers that this is a matter affecting the turf. And he is interested, of course, in any department of life which has to do with plants, as racing occasionally does—Continental racing, that is: such things are never heard of here. That decision of the two Ministers, by the way, needs to be taken in connection with the facts that the bookies compete to a slight extent with the *pari mutuel* machines at the French meetings; and that the Government has its little percentage of the takings of each one of those ingenious instruments. So that the thing has its practical side.

Mr. Hodge at the Telephone

(*Mr. Rider Haggard stated the other night that one of the things that kept men on the land in America was the ubiquity of the Telephone. Countrymen could chat to one another over the wire, and not feel isolated. A contributor suggests that the proverbial suspiciousness of the English peasant would prevent the same happy results from being attained in this country by the same means. He forecasts rural telephonic communication in the following scene.*)

SCENE: *A small country cottage at Dibley-in-the Marsh. Telephone rings.*

MR. HODGE: Danged if that be'nt one of they chaps a-talking through the woire. (*Goes to telephone.*)

VOICE: Hullo!

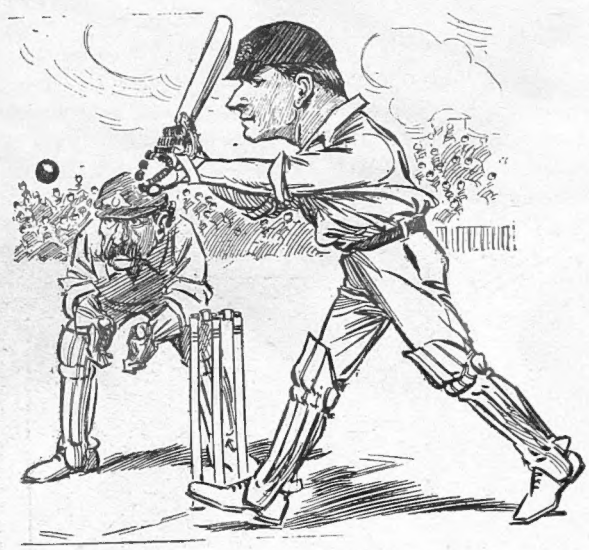
MR. HODGE: Ah?

VOICE: Are you there?

MR. HODGE (*cautiously*): Are oi wheer?

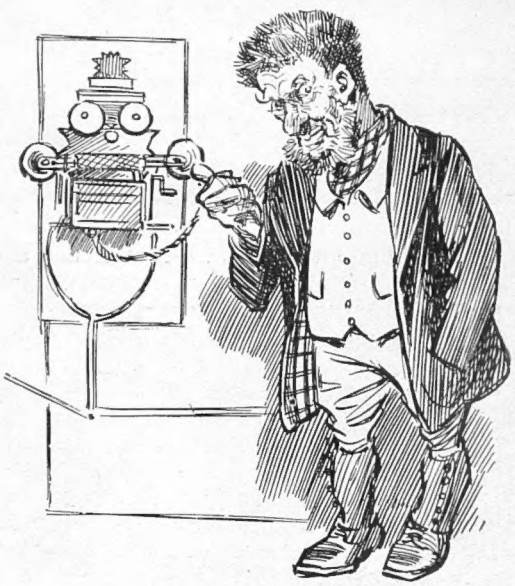
VOICE: Are you there? Is Mr. George Hodge there?

MR. HODGE: Jarge Hodge did 'ee say? Sure 'twas Jarge? (*Aside*) What be a-wanting, oi wunner?



"To Archie"

"When once ye settle doon to play
There's nae doot then ye're 'Archie'"



Mr. Hodge at the telephone

"That'll larn 'un a lesson, too, to say what 'tis he wants afore he asks if oi'm Jarge"

To "Archie"

(*MacLaren, A. C., was very late in arriving at Leyton yesterday, and meanwhile A. H. Hornby undertook the position of captain of Lancashire. "Archie" caused some amount of comment by appearing minus his moustache. Many assiduous followers of cricket were doubtful as to his identity.*—DAILY EXPRESS, July 14.)

Why, man; why, Archie; is it you?
I did'na ken ye, laddie.
What's got intil yer head the noo?
Is this yer latest faddie?

I'm nae sae sure I like it, Mac,
Its changed ye a'tegither,
If a' the lads the razor tak'
We shant ken ane frae t'ither.

But shave yer lip clean as ye may,
Or wear yer braw moustachie;
When once ye settle doon to play
There's nae doot then ye're "Archie."

(*Aloud*) Oi couldn't tell 'ee meself, but oi'll go an' ask the Missus. (*Returning after due consultation.*) Missus says oi'm to ask 'ee what do 'ee want wi' Jarge?

VOICE: I want to know who I'm talking to. Are you Mr. Hodge?

MR. HODGE (*cunningly*): Oi couldn' rightly say that; but oi know Jarge. Jarge lives not so far fro' here—Jarge does.

VOICE: What's his number. The same, you say? Can I speak to him? I want to speak to Mr. Hodge.

MR. HODGE (*firmly*): Couldn' be done—not unless 'ee was to say forst what 'ee want wi' he—

VOICE: All right. Can't waste any more time, if Mr. Hodge isn't there. (*Rings off.*)

MR. HODGE (*chuckling with sense of his own sagacity*): Oi thought that 'ud do un. That'll larn 'un a lesson, too, to say what 'tis he wants afore he asks if oi'm Jarge. Wunner what 'twas he wanted wi' me! Can't be too keerful wi' they chaps. Larn 'un a lesson, that will. (*Continues chuckling*).

Obviously

The latest fiscal suggestion is that a tax should be put upon double and treble-barrelled names. The tax, it is to be presumed, would be merely nominal.

The Garden at Temple Lock, near Marlow

Which won First Prize in the Garden Competition among the Keepers of the Up-River Locks

Hints for the Burglar

Every man's hand is against the burglar, including his own. So, at least, it was believed by the advocates of the Bertillon system. A controversy, however, that has been raging in a contemporary makes it seem clear that the scientific burglar can get over the difficulty of identification by finger-tips. He can apply some acid to his skin, or burn his fingers in a manner that will make him hard to trace.

A Painful Process

Luckily, burglars are not all scientific, even in the burgling line. They may not get hold of the right acids, or corrode themselves in a sufficiently skilful manner. In any case, the discovery of the finger-tip system will have served a useful purpose by putting one more difficulty in the burglar's way. If he has to sear himself afresh every time he has overhauled a house, he will feel that burgling has its drawbacks. He might, indeed, solve the difficulty once and for all, by cutting off both his hands, but — apart from the pain—experts maintain that you cannot do the finest class of work in that condition. Still, we would not deter any burglar from making the experiment.

Polo Ladies

The first polo match between ladies was played last week at Ranelagh; and now we understand that some of our leading sportsmen are drawing up a petition to the effect that there shall under no circumstances be such a game as "Mixed Polo." Mixed hockey, they say, was dangerous enough—to the men. But Mixed Polo——!

Photo by *Russell and Son*

Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas's House-Party at Admiralty House, Portsmouth, to meet Prince and Princess Arisugawa

Prince and Princess Arisugawa, it will be remembered, came over to Europe to represent the Mikado at the Crown Prince of Germany's wedding, and since that time, as members of Japan's Royal Family, they have been honoured guests in both France and England. The names of members of Sir Archibald Douglas's house-party seen in our illustration are, reading from left to right: Mrs. Hayhurst, Mrs. Sloman, Miss Neville, Flag-Lieut. Hayhurst, Mrs. Hawks, Miss Douglas, General Sir William Nicholson, Lady Douglas, Lady-in-Waiting, Mr. Sto, Admiral Neville, Admiral Sir D. H. Bosanquet, Admiral Sir A. Douglas, Princess Arisugawa, Prince Arisugawa, Viscount Hayashi, Flag-Captain Osawa

(See paragraph on page 176)

Modern Fanatics

Is Fanaticism on the increase? It almost seems as if it were. From America comes a report that some prominent teetotalers have been charged with trying to blow up public-houses with dynamite. A fresh-air enthusiast recently broke the windows of a tramcar in one of our suburbs. Now, an elderly anti-motorist is alleged to have shot at the unoffending occupants of a car on quite general and humanitarian grounds

Awful Possibilities

If this sort of thing is to continue, few of us will feel safe. Old gentlemen who persist in going to the City in silk hats will find themselves "bonneted"—for their own good—by members of the No Hat League, or stabbed in the back by some conscientious vegetarian, as they rise to select

No More Police Traps

It seems—by the way—equally possible that the policeman might amend his ways, if motorists refrained from hurting his feelings. At the Motor Union dinner at Chester last week, the Hon. Arthur Stanley revealed the fact that the "police-traps" were not appreciated by members of the force. Mr. Stanley himself, we gather, suggested "sections under observation" as

"Listen! When next I meet a scorching motor I will not call him 'road-hog,' and bolt into the hedge, I will step into the road and gently admonish him, and you will see; it will be, 'Sir, I humbly crave your pardon, I am entirely in the wrong. In future I will be more careful'"

"You've happened of a accident, sir, apparently"

"I—I fancy so. Either I stepped into the road too late, or—it was a veritable 'road-hog'"

MODERN FANATICS: THE PROFESSOR'S IDEA AND HOW IT WORKED

(*See paragraph above*)

the chump-chop they have daily enjoyed for the last forty years at their favourite eating-house. The harmless smoker, as he enters a railway compartment, will suddenly be seized and gagged by a confederate band of anti-nicotinists; his pipe will be snatched from him, and he will wake at the next station to find his assailants vanished, and a white ribbon pinned on to his coat. Famous surgeons will find daggers stuck through the pillows on which they have passed a peaceful night, with the notice affixed—"Beware of the Anti-Vivisection League!"

Pointing the Moral

Seriously, the sober people—of whom there are many shining examples—who hold extreme views on social questions of this sort, ought to recognise that their responsibility is great, inasmuch that extreme views as a rule appeal to people who are not remarkable for their sobriety or mental balance, and are apt to be carried away by their feelings. The sober extremists, then, should make a point of expressing themselves mildly rather than ferociously. They would thereby prevent weak disciples from making themselves absurd, and perhaps even convert an occasional opponent. Who knows but what the scorching motorist, if he were genially admonished, instead of being called a "road-hog" or "a Moloch," might amend his ways, and make a vow never to exceed twelve miles an hour?

an alternative phrase, but motorists of a descriptive turn of mind could easily invent others. "Bobby's Bit," "Constable's Corner," "Stop-watched Stretches"—anything of this sort would serve the purpose, and be void of offence.

What We Observe

Spare the megaphone and spoil the crew.

Many a reputation has been drowned in the goose-pond of gossip.

It's not the wig that makes the judge.

A man may be a noted artist, and yet be unable to draw a tooth.

The man who hesitates is—taken to have a drink.

A woman will sulk for a whole evening if her husband is five minutes late in keeping an appointment with her, but she will stand for an hour outside the theatre to get a seat when her pet actor appears at a matinée.

Archery: The Western Meeting at Salisbury

A view of the butts from the firing line

Although the general public does not hear much of, or perhaps is not much interested in, this old-time sport, yet there are many ardent devotees of archery in this country, and, strangely enough, it appeals very strongly to the fair sex

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

A general view of the Archery Ground, which is just outside the Close of Salisbury Cathedral

The Western Meeting, of which we give illustrations, is one of the most important in the world of archery. And no more fitting spot could be found for such a meeting than under the shadow of the noble spire of Salisbury, which was erected in the days when Englishmen were feared and famed for their dexterity with the clothyard shaft

Scenes at Molesey Regatta: The Crowd

The crush of boats just off Garrick Villa, Hampton

If Molesey's popularity increases at the rapid rate it has done in the past few years, Henley will have to look to its laurels. There was not a decent craft to be had above Richmond last Saturday, everything available having gone to Molesey

On the Lawn at Garrick Villa

Garrick Villa was, as usual, the fashionable centre of Molesey's social gaiety last Saturday, and, indeed, it was the most comfortable, the river being too crowded with craft to make sightseeing from that quarter enjoyable

Scenes at Molesey Regatta: The Racing

London R.C. beat Thames by a length in the Senior Fours

London followed up their victories at Staines Regatta by winning six out of ten events at Molesey. Never has such a crowd been seen along the river between Hampton Court Bridge and Hampton Church as were there last Saturday

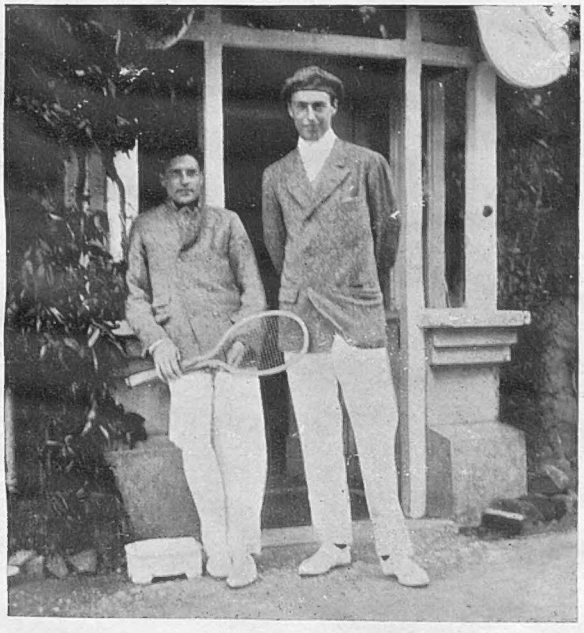
Photos by *F. G. Callcott*

Thames R.C. beat Kingston in the Thames Cup Eights

At the lock, the whole day long, craft of every description were wedged together in a seemingly solid mass, and poor old Marsh, the lock-keeper, and his assistants, were kept hard at it till two the next morning. Two thousand five hundred boats passed through during the time, the largest number for many years

International Lawn Tennis

ENGLAND RETAINS THE DAVIS CUP



The Brothers Doherty (England, Defenders)

Holcombe Ward and B. C. Wright. (U.S.A., Challengers)

THE DEFENDERS AND CHALLENGERS IN THE CONTEST FOR THE DAVIS CUP

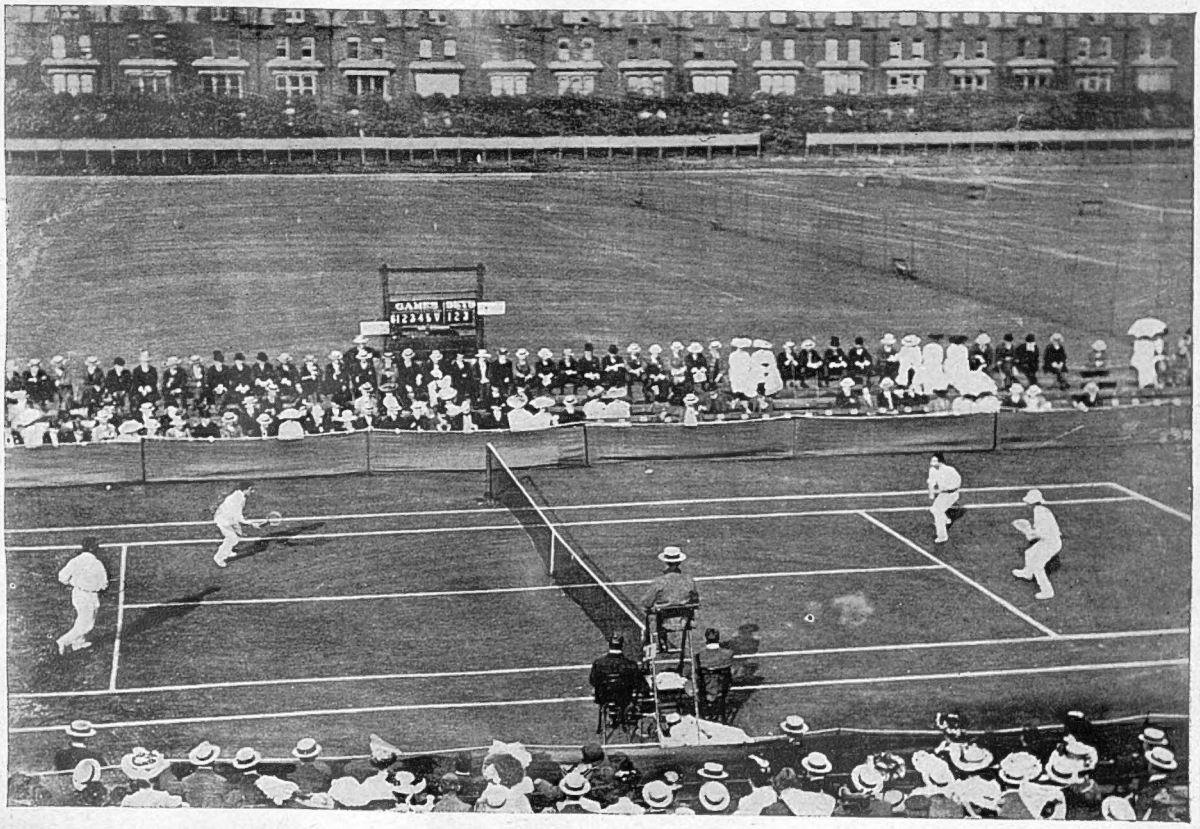


Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Some hard volleying between Dunlop and Brookes (Australasia) and Larned and Ward (America) in the Doubles of the Final Tie for the Davis Cup

It will be remembered that America won all five matches against Australasia in the Final Tie, and thus have played England in the Challenge Round for the much-coveted Cup

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

July 26, 1905

The Stage and the Army United!

British lovers of the drama, as well as hundreds of thousands of American playgoers, will congratulate Captain Harry Graham on his engagement to Miss Ethel Barrymore, the sweet-looking and gifted young actress, who may be said, indeed, to have been born in the buskin, for she is connected with more than one generation of great Transatlantic actors and actresses. It is an interesting fact that the sons of Mars often go to the stage for their wives, but it is to be hoped that Miss Barrymore will not give up her profession on becoming Mrs. Harry Graham.

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Ethel Barrymore

The well-known actress, whose engagement to Captain Harry Graham, second son of Sir Harry Graham, K.C.B., and private secretary to Lord Rosebery, has just been announced

Of Interest to Military Folk

A marriage of considerable interest to military folk, both at home and abroad, will take place to-day (July 26) at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The bridegroom is Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Glanville, R.A., the second son of Major-General Glanville, R.A., of Catchfrench, St. Germans, Cornwall, while the bride, Miss Cecil Romer Younghusband, is the only daughter of the late Major E. W. Younghusband, 14th Bengal Lancers, and Mrs. Younghusband, of Sylvan Lodge, Hythe, Hants, and granddaughter of General Romer Younghusband, C.B. Seldom, indeed, does a more completely military marriage take place, and soldiers all over the world will be wishing happiness to the happy pair.

La Divine Sara

Buenos Ayres is, we learn on good authority, to be once more the scene of some commotion. Our special correspondent, however, advises us that it is unlikely to be attended with any bloodshed, and, indeed, that

Photos by] **Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Glanville, R.A.**

Miss Cecil Romer Younghusband *[Thomson*

WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY, JULY 26

Photo by] **The Homecoming of Prince Gustavus Adolphus and his English bride to Stockholm** [*Oscar Ellgvist*

In the most perfect weather imaginable, Stockholm turned out in its thousands to welcome home its young Prince, and to give his English bride, our Princess Margaret, a right royal reception. Our photograph shows the Royal Barge approaching the landing-stage, and the Prince and Princess can be seen at the extreme right hand, standing in the stern of the barge acknowledging the enthusiastic welcome they are receiving

The Homecoming of Prince Gustavus with his English Bride

no damage need be anticipated to any of the town buildings, unless the paint on the theatre doors suffers from the crowds who are prepared to flock there to see the Bernhardt when she makes her appearance, for it is she who is the mainspring of the excitement. He adds that there is no doubt whatever of the ultimate victory of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and even hints that the entire city is already prepared to capitulate to her charms. At all events, the bookings for her promised visit, some weeks hence, are exceedingly heavy, and those people who make it their business to buy up

Players at Play

Judging by the crowded state of the Botanic Gardens, the Actors' Orphanage Fund can rarely have benefited to such an extent as on the occasion of this year's fête. Adamantine must have been the heart that could resist the witty enticements of Mr. "Lal" Brough to witness Mr. G. B. Shaw's astonishing tragedy, "Passion, Poision, and Petrifaction." Though each performance lasted less than a quarter of an hour, so heavily did it play upon the emotions that it was well calculated to create a demand, were creation necessary, for the tea and ices dispensed by

Photo by *Oscar Ellqvist*

The Arrival of Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus at Stockholm: Members of the Swedish Royal Family viewing the approach of the Royal Barge from the roof of the Castle

The *Stockholms Dagblad*, the principal journal of the Swedish capital, published, on the eve of the arrival of the Prince and Princess, an article in Swedish and English in parallel columns. "The nation rejoices," the article says, "to welcome as its future Queen a young Princess who is spoken of with the greatest and most universal admiration and love in her British home-land, on account of her amiability, her great kindness and faithfulness in friendship, and her bright and joyful spirit of religion. By these excellent qualities she will be a help to the Swedes, not only in her own home, in the Royal Family, but also in the whole country, in promoting all that is noble and great and good"

reserved seats which they re-sell, as in France, at heavy premiums, are within measurable distance of a comfortable retirement. Mme. Bernhardt has always been a prime favourite with us, and is, at the present time, touring in the north of England, after her highly successful season at the Coronet Theatre, in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. She is not without some experience as a nurse, obtained during the dark days of the Franco-Prussian War, so it is to be hoped that she will be equal to the task of binding up the hearts of the susceptible South Americans She has toured many times in America, and practically through the whole of Europe, with the exception of Germany.

various charming actresses. For the ladies, the prospect of seeing Mr. George Alexander trimming hats against time had irresistible attractions, while it was distinctly instructive to the mere male to watch the cricket match, Actors *v.* Actresses, and to observe the methods of such resourceful "bats" as Miss Pauline Chase, Miss Jessie Bateman, and Miss Vane Featherstone, who, indeed, found it difficult to avoid hitting every ball to the boundary—a proceeding which invariably caused some excitement amongst the nearest spectators. No two reports agree as to the number of innings or runs gained by either side, but no doubt remains in the minds of the ladies that they

Sarah Bernhardt to Visit Buenos Ayres

Photo by] **Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as she appears in "Adrienne Lecouvreur"** [*W. and D. Downey*

Mme. Bernhardt is, we understand, going to South America, where she is due to perform in a few weeks. Already, the seats for the whole duration of her stay have been booked, and Mme. Bernhardt's visit there is likely to rank among her greatest successes

Miss Pauline Chase Miss Vane Featherstone (Captain) Miss Jessie Bateman

Photo by] **Actors and Actresses at Cricket at the Theatrical Fete, Regent's Park: The Ladies' Team** [*Bassano*

This team of "Fair Thespian Maids" was captained by Miss Vane Featherstone, and, whatever the Press may say, the ladies are convinced that, as usual, they inflicted a crushing defeat upon their mere men opponents

The Theatrical Fete in the Botanic Gardens

IN AID OF THE ACTORS' ORPHANAGE FUND

Photo by *Bassano*

Actors v. Actresses at Cricket: Miss Pauline Chase batting

Behind the wicket is seen Mr. Kenneth Douglas intent on making a catch off his fair colleague. Both sides had an uncertain number of innings, and Miss Pauline Chase contributed not a few *Coups de Chase* which caused anxiety to the Actors' Eleven. Judging from the smallness of the ground, hits to the boundaries must have been frequent, while the position of the spectators must have been fraught with considerable danger. It was a matter of controversy which side eventually won, yet, from the large attendance at the match, one feels it must have been a decided "draw"

A Memorial to Islington's War Heroes

inflicted a crushing defeat on their male opponents, among whom were to be seen Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and others. Royal patronage was not lacking to crown the success of the day, and Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, with their customary graciousness where philanthropy is concerned, spent some time in viewing the festivities. In spite of the fact that it was the hottest day of the summer, there were plenty of shady corners in the beautiful gardens where one could sit and gossip, and admire the gossamer toilettes flitting here and there in gay groups. The band of the Honourable Artillery Company, conducted, now by little Max Darewski, now by its own bandmaster, supplied that groundwork of musical sounds without which *tête-a-tête* conversations may be sought in vain at such a social event as a garden party.

Photo by *Russel*

The Duke of Sutherland

Who has been forced to give up his ancestral home at Trentham Hall, North Staffs., owing to the continued pollution of the River Trent by the sewage from the town of Stoke

The Sultan of Zanzibar Attains His Majority

Zanzibar seems a long way off to English ears, nd perhaps one may be excused ignorance of a place which is over 8,000 miles distant, and to which there is no direct steam communication with the United Kingdom. Yet Zanzibar, to those who know it, is a very important trading centre, and, with its population of 250,000, is the largest town in East Africa. As a centre of commerce, it attracts the native coasting and dhow trade from Bombay, Arabia, the Comoro Islands, and Madagascar, while it acts as a port of export for four-fifths of the total clove crop of the world. As a sphere of political influence, it is, perhaps, still more valuable than as a trading centre. The young ruler of this important African outpost is Seyyid Ali bin Hamoud, who has just reached the age of twenty-one, and in whose honour the celebrations shown on another page were inaugurated by the British Regent, Mr. A. S. Rogers,

Photo by *T. S. Robinson*

In Memory of Islington's Heroes: The Duke of Fife unveiling a war memorial at Highbury Fields

The monument represents Glory holding a figure of Victory in her right hand, and in the left a wreath of laurels. At her feet on the pedestal are the arms, flag, and helmet, with laurels signifying that they have been offered up for their country. The figure and symbols are of bronze, mounted on a pedestal of Portland stone, with bronze panels. In front is the inscription:—"'How sleep the brave who sink to rest, by all their country's wishes blessed!' In honour of ninety-eight Islingtonians who died for their country in the South African War, 1899-1903. Erected by their fellow townsmen, July, 1905"

Trentham Hall: An Abandoned Ducal Residence

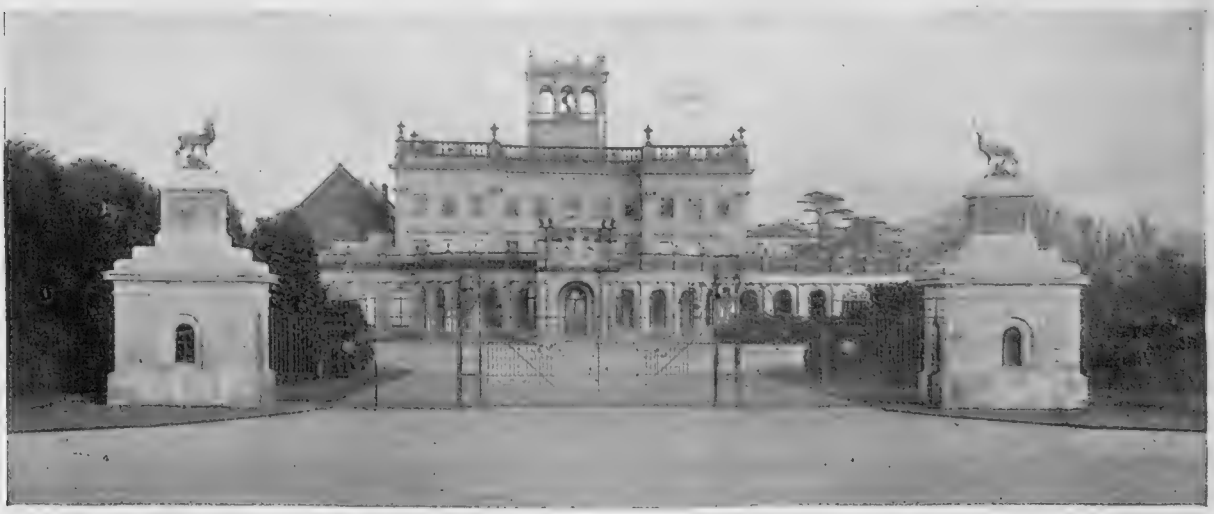
who now gives up his Regency and takes rank as First Minister. The Sultan is a particularly fortunate young man, for, besides his education at Harrow and Oxford, he has travelled in many lands, and has gone back to enter upon his important sphere in life with a knowledge and experience of the world which should stand him in good stead as a ruler. Moreover, during his minority, his country has been under the capable administration of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Basil Cave (British Agent and Consul-General), who, besides doing all that is possible in the interests of the native, have to rule the country with an eye on the political weather-cock, and look after the commercial interests of five hundred Englishmen and as many Germans. Hardly an envious task, and one which, when performed as successfully as in this case, seems to demand some signal honour in recognition. The general public at home here do not hear of the hard work done in the cause of the Empire by such men, who work silently and without noise of trumpets year after year, satisfied only in that they are doing their duty.

The portico of Trentham Hall, the Staffordshire residence of the Duke of Sutherland

Trentham is famous for its lovely gardens, which are among the finest in the country

The Duke of Sutherland Abandons Trentham Hall

The fact that the Duke of Sutherland is being forced to give up his charming country seat at Trentham Hall, owing to the pollution of the River Trent by sewage, has called forth much sympathy, especially among dwellers in the Potteries. The Duke is taking this step much against his wishes, as the pollution, which was at first a matter of mere inconvenience, is now an actual danger to the health of the residents at Trentham Hall. The town of Stoke, with a population of nearly 100,000, is the chief offender, and in the event of no remedial measures being taken by the Corporation, the Duke has threatened to take proceedings to recover damages for his loss. It will be remembered that last year the Earl of Harrington suffered in like manner at Elvaston Castle, which stands upon the banks of the Derwent. The sewage from the town of Derby was a source of pollution to the river, from which the water used upon the Elvaston estate was drawn. The result was that the fish in the Castle ponds were poisoned, while much inconvenience was caused on the farms, as cattle and horses could not be watered from the river. As a result of proceedings, Mr. Justice Buckley awarded the Earl £500 damages and costs, so that the Duke of Sutherland has auspicious precedent should he take action.



Photos by **General view of the front of Trentham Hall** [*Russell*

The fact that the Duke of Sutherland has had to give up residence at Trentham Hall is causing much concern in North Staffordshire, as the great park and charming woods of the estate have always been freely accessible to the public. It seems that the sewage from the town of Stoke-on-Trent is allowed to run into the river which passes through the grounds of Trentham, near the Hall, and the pollution thus caused renders living there not only unpleasant to the last degree, but extremely dangerous. The Duke has threatened to take proceedings against the Stoke Corporation, who, he says, have done nothing to remedy the nuisance

Lady Polo Players at Ranelagh

A Polo Match Played by Ladies

The male sportsman has, by this time, become used to the invasion of most of his fields by the fair sex, but a polo match recently played between two teams of ladies, at Ranelagh, was sufficient of a novelty to attract some attention, and, indeed, the Queen herself was among the distinguished spectators. Two silver spoons were presented as souvenirs to each of the six players by Princess Christian after the match. Play lasted for half an hour, and though the pace was not particularly fast, the "White" team — Miss N. Barrow, Mrs. Bampfield, and Miss Arkwright—scored an easy victory over the "Rainbows"—Mrs. Hume Spry, Miss K. S. Young, and Mrs. Webley — by eight goals to nil.

The Croquet Champion Cup

One of the events of the year in the world of croquet is the competition for the Croquet Association's Champion Cup, which is played for by the ten best croquet players available. This was won this year by R. C. J. Beaton, C. E. Willis being second and C. L. O'Callaghan third. Miss Gower, who won the Cup last year, and Miss Coote, the only two ladies in the competition, tied for seventh place.

It is curious that this should be the case in view of the fact that in the final of the Open Championship, some days before, Miss Gower was successful in beating Mr. Beaton. Mr. Beaton only started playing in 1900, and came into prominence in 1902, when he tied for first place for the Champion Cup with G. H. Woolston, who, however, was victorious in the final contest. Strangely enough, exactly the same thing happened in the succeeding year, but this year's competition is the first in which victory has fallen to his mallet.

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Sultan of Zanzibar

Whose coming of age was recently the occasion of a great celebration, Mr. A. S. Rogers, the First Minister, giving a garden party in his honour. It will be remembered that the Sultan is an old Harrow boy

Photo by] **Lady Polo Players at Ranelagh: A gossip during an interval between the play** *[Reuch*

In this match, Rainbow *v.* Whites, the lady on the right of the photograph, Miss N. Barrow, who played for Whites, distinguished herself by making most of the eight goals scored by her team. Rainbow were unable at any time to score, and the match ended in their complete defeat by the Whites by eight goals to nil

The Sultan of Zanzibar's Coming of Age

The Assembly at Mr. Rogers's Garden Party at Zanzibar on the Sultan's twenty-first birthday

Mr. A. S. Rogers, who has been Regent and First Minister in Zanzibar during the young Sultan's minority, handed over the sole control of the kingdom to the young ruler on his attaining his majority on June 7 last. Mr. Rogers gave a great garden party, to which, besides the European colony, invitations were also extended to the principal Indians and Arabs

Photos by *Continho and Sons*

The British officials arriving at the Sultan's Palace at Zanzibar to attend the Great Baraza (reception)

At the Great Baraza, the Proclamation announcing the termination of the British Regency, consequent upon the Sultan's coming of age, was read by Mr. Cave, the British Agent and Consul-General. The Sultan, who, as a youth, lived for a long time in England, is fortunate in having had a training at an English public school, and also in having travelled much in European countries. This should prove of inestimable value to him in his new and important sphere

Where the King ... Kinswomen

Prince Arisugawa and his wife, in the first instance, only visited ...ne in order to represent Japan ...ace of Germany's

The Dining-Room

A General View of Goodwood House

The Drawing-Room

SOME VIEWS OF GOODWOOD HOUSE, WHERE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON WILL ENTERTAIN THE KING AND QUEEN NEXT WEEK

Photo by *Alan Cartwright*

Mrs. Waterlow and her Champion Bulldog, "Nuthurst Doctor"

"Nuthurst Doctor" took a First Prize and Special in the Open Section as the best bulldog at the Horsham Dog Show. *(See page 188.)*

Croquet Players

The R.Y.—Its Commodore and Vice-Commodore

yachtsmen are to be found—and that is world, and in every sea—the R.Y.S. is honour. It has been described as the ck b of the ocean. Judge, therefore, of to its gallant Commodore and The Marquis of Ormonde ing as Commodore when His Accession. Patron of and no better choice great Irish peer m earliest child- about yachting himself admits Rather younger Lord Ormonde He is popular with esses, to the highest uality—tact. The Vice- Duke of Leeds, is probably th f t Romar Empire devoted to *risande*, which perhaps o ful his literary and poetic Duche le voyages; but during Co one of the trimmest and daint t and, on board, the Vice-Commodore of t S. er tertains many of his fellow-yachtsme

Fair Yachtswomen

The feminine head of the yachting world—if Her Gracious Majesty be excepted, for Queen Alexandra is never happier than when living on the Royal yacht

Photo by *Rouch*

The Ten Best Croquet Players in England who competed recently for the Champion Cup, won by R. C. J. Beaton

The names of the players, reading from left to right, are: (1st Row) M. Barry, C. L. O'Callaghan, R. C. J. Beaton (this year's winner of the Cup, and Open Croquet Champion 1904), E. A. S. Fawcett, and H. Winch. (2nd Row) C. E. Willis (Gold Medal 1896, 1898, and 1900, and All-England Champion 1897), O. R. Richmond, Miss N. Coote (Ladies' Gold Medal and Lady Champion 1903), Miss L. Gower (Gold Medal 1901-2-3-4, Champion Cup 1904, and Lady Champion 1899-1900, 1901, Open Champion, 1903), and G. H. Woolston (Gold Medal 1903 and Champion Cup 1902 and 1903)

Cowes Regatta: Some Famous Yachtswomen

—is, of course, Lady Ormonde, the wife of the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. This beautiful woman, an aunt of the present Duke of Westminster, shares her husband's passionate affection for a sea-faring life, and she has transmitted her love of the sea to her two daughters, of whom one, Lady Constance Butler, is still unmarried. Like Lady Londonderry, also a devotee of Cowes, Lady Ormonde and her daughter always wear, when yachting, the most severely simple and workmanlike clothes. In this they show their strong sense, and set an excellent example to other yachtswomen. Lady Constance Butler can manage a boat as well as any of the younger yachtswomen of her acquaintance, and she was taught the art, when still quite a child, by her father, who is very proud of her prowess in this respect.

Photo by *Russell*

Lady Constance Butler

The daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde

The Reception of Prince and Princess Arisugawa

The cordiality which has been such a feature in the reception of Prince and Princess Arisugawa in France, Germany, and in this country, indicates the warm sentiments with which our Allies in the Far East are regarded all over Europe. Though Europe at the Crown Prince's [illegible] wedding, their subsequent visit to England and France, though unofficial, has served to strengthen the ties of friendship between these countries and Japan. Several Russian papers seemed extremely incensed at the very friendly way in which the Kaiser met the Prince. They contended that his attitude was such that his supposed sympathies with the Tsar, as an autocratic Sovereign, must have been overwhelmed by his desire to ingratiate himself with the "upper dog" in the Far Eastern conflict. But the truth probably lies in the fact that the Kaiser, as a sportsman, welcomed Prince Arisugawa in a cordial manner, not merely because he was the representative of the victorious party in the present war, but because he was the representative of a brave and plucky nation. Prince and Princess Arisugawa are shown in our group at Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas's house-party at Portsmouth just before their departure for France. There were also present, Viscount Hayashi, Captain Osawa, Admiral D. H. Bosanquet, Admiral Neville, and General Sir William Nicholson.

Photos b

The Marchioness of Londonderry

Russell and Son

The Marchioness of Ormonde

TWO WELL-KNOWN YACHTSWOMEN, WHO WILL BE AT COWES NEXT WEEK

Cowes Regatta: The Chiefs of the R.Y.S.

Photos by

The Marquis of Ormonde

Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

Russell

The Duke of Leeds

Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

A Trial Spin: Yacht... ...etting in Trim for

Photo by

Our illustration was taken just off the "Castle" at West Cowes, which is the headquarters of the "Squadron," the leading Yacht Club of the world, as it is the most exclusive. At the R.Y.S. ... Club and officers of the Navy. Admiss...

the R.Y.S. Regatta Cowes Next Week

Debenham

jetty no one may land but members of the ion to this select body, of which the King is President, is a much-coveted privilege, every member being entitled to fly the St. George's ensign on his yacht, if of more than thirty tons

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(*Continued from page 182*)

"Most certainly, but my opinions are not recognised as moral ones, you know."

Their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted at this point, and she had no further opportunity of speaking to him alone, but that night her husband observed how silent she was, but discreetly made no remark. He earnestly hoped the wound would heal in time; words from him could only have made it more gaping than before.

"What is your opinion of marriage?" she asked him, later in the evening. Her husband looked up calmly from his paper into her wistful, blue eyes; she was dressed in a simple white demi-toilette, and the electric lights caught the gold glint in her hair. He had rarely felt more devoted to her, and yet she, though his wife, was not his.

"Opinions on marriage have so often been given that I can have no original remark to make," he said, "but it is an institution which may bring one Heaven or Hell."

"And do you look on it as a sacred institution?" she pursued, with relentless determination not to spare him.

"The—the Church says so," he faltered.

"Never mind the Church. What do you think?"

"If there is love——"

"But if there is not?" she cried triumphantly.

"Should not the couple have realised it before they married one another?" he said, parrying the one question with another.

"Often they do know, but only later realise what it means. I know a woman who never pretended to love the man she married, but was persuaded that it would come after marriage. The experiment has failed, and she is perfectly miserable. Is her mistake irretrievable?"

"You mean, can she break the spirit of her vow and yet keep up appearances?"

"I mean more than that. Why should a woman strain to be untrue to her nature merely to observe convention? I think, myself, a woman is far more decent and self-respecting if she leaves the husband she doesn't care for and goes to the man she loves."

"Ysolde!"

"Yes," she returned, "I've no doubt you are shocked. Anyone with such bourgeois views as yours would be; but, nevertheless, I am right."

Ysolde had made up her mind after many sleepless nights. She could not stand the present life any longer; it would drive her mad. Her husband's presence was a continuous reproach to her, and she now intended to throw everything a woman prizes to the four winds, and to give herself to Archie. It never occurred to her that coming to him in such a manner she might not be appreciated at her full value. She thought (if she thought of it at all) he would love her better for the sacrifices she had made for his sake, and they would go away, far from the tongue of scandal, and live happily in each other's love.

In her mind she had rehearsed again and again the scene when she would render herself up to him. She would throw herself into his arms, and nestle there fully content. Of her power to conquer him she did not doubt, for who can stand against the yielding and absolute abandon of a woman's passion!

His fiancée had not entered into her calculations either. And then, at the house of a mutual friend, the two ladies met. Ysolde smiled almost contemptuously when she learnt who the plain and unpretentious girl was. How dared she aspire to Archie? Attired like a provincial, with large hands and her hair dressed in a mode out of fashion two seasons ago, there seemed no point in her favour except it were her eyes, and they could not compare with Ysolde's. "She must be an heiress at least!" she thought.

"Archie is a very old friend of mine," Ysolde said, in a manner which was graciously condescending, "and I am exceedingly fond of him."

The girl did not know, perhaps, how true this was.

"Archie has often talked about you to me," she replied artlessly, "and he is very fond of you too. I have wanted to meet you, for I want all his friends to be mine as well."

"Perhaps after marriage he will not care to keep up all his bachelor acquaintances," said Ysolde, with a peculiar laugh.

"Well, you don't come under the category at all events," said the girl, smiling, "for he values you as one of his oldest and truest."

"Did he tell you so?" asked Ysolde, with a start.

"Yes," said the girl. "He tells me everything."

Ysolde opened her mouth, but could find no words; the girl prattled on easily, for the one subject she liked to talk about was now uppermost.

"You see we are to be married next month, and I am up in town making arrangements about my trousseau. We have taken a little flat in West Kensington, for at first we shall be poor, as I have not got a penny. But, as Archie says, a flat can be better than a palace if the mind is contented. I hope you will come and see me when we are settled down there."

"Are—are you very fond of him?" faltered Ysolde.

The girl looked genuinely surprised: "Why, what a question to ask! Why else should I marry him? I love him better than life."

"It is easy to say so," said Ysolde bitterly, "but how could you prove it? Would you, for instance, give him up without a murmur if you thought he would be happier with another woman?"

The girl looked rather taken aback. "Why do you ask?" she said, almost coldly.

"I don't know," said Ysolde, with a forced smile, "unless it is that one often does ask an old friend's fiancée foolish questions."

She looked up as she spoke, and turned very white. Archie was approaching them, having just entered. His eyes were riveted on the girl's face with an expression she had never seen before. He did not so much as glance at her. Almost as in a dream, Ysolde rose to her feet, passed through the open door, looking neither to the right or left, down the staircase and into the street.

. . . . .

"I don't like your friend Mrs. Trehane, very much," said Archie's fiancée.

"Oh, is she here?" laughed Archie. "I haven't seen her. Yes, she is queer at times, but her heart is in the right place!"

The Young Idea

EMBRYO YACHTSMAN: "Mummy dear, shall we go faster when he's done winding us up?"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

Champion Terriers at the Horsham Dog Show

SOME NOTABLE PRIZEWINNERS

Miss Hatfeild's "Dusky Siren"

Which took Four Firsts and a Special as best fox-terrier bitch in the Show

Miss Hatfeild's "Morden Bull's Eye"

Which took Two Firsts, and was acclaimed by the judges the best fox-terrier dog in the Show

THE Horsham Dog Show bids fair to become one of the most important of the annual fixtures, judging from the attendance and the class that marked its first essay last week. It is the outcome of the Horsham and District Dog League, organised by Mr. C. C. Eversfield, the well-known supporter of field trials by spaniels. Under the League's auspices, the Show at Horsham produced some very good exhibits. Of the winners, Mrs. Waterlow's bulldog, "Nuthurst Doctor," headed the chief open section. He is a splendid specimen of the bulldog, and won the Special Prize for best bulldog in the Show.

Fox-terriers made a very effective display, though the wire classes eclipsed the smooth. In the latter, Mr. S. Castle, with his puppy, "Winning Post," beat Mr. Radford's and Mrs. Bennett Edwards's dogs. In the wire class, Miss Hatfeild was very successful, and, indeed, with her terriers, "Morden Bull's Eye" and "Dusky Siren," she deserves success, for both these dogs are ideal specimens. "Dusky Siren" won Four Firsts and a Special for the best bitch in the Show, while "Morden Bull's Eye" gained Two Firsts and a Special for the best fox-terrier dog in the Show. Both these wires have splendid heads, small keen eyes, ideal narrow chests, while their condition left nothing to be desired. Just now there is no breeder of fox-terriers (wires) whose stud can approach Miss Hatfeild's for perfection. Bloodhounds are coming much to the fore again, and Mrs. C. H. Chapman, in "Brigstock of Radnage," which gained Three Firsts and Two Specials, has certainly a beauty. Aberdeen Scotch terriers also made a good show, which is in proportion with their popularity. Here, Mrs. B. M. Hannay's Scotch terrier, "Heworth Heirloom," gained Two Firsts and Two Specials. The same dog had only previously won the first in his class at Reading a few days before. The Show was well managed and well organised, and no doubt its popularity will increase.

Photos by

Mrs. Chapman's bloodhound, "Brigstock of Radnage"

Which took Three First Prizes and Two Specials

Alan Cartwright

Mrs. Hannay's Scotch terrier, "Heworth Heirloom"

Who carried off Two First Prizes and Two Specials

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Sanctuary in Regent's Park

SMALL VOICE FROM THE FLOWER-BED: "You can't touch me, I'm touching wood"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

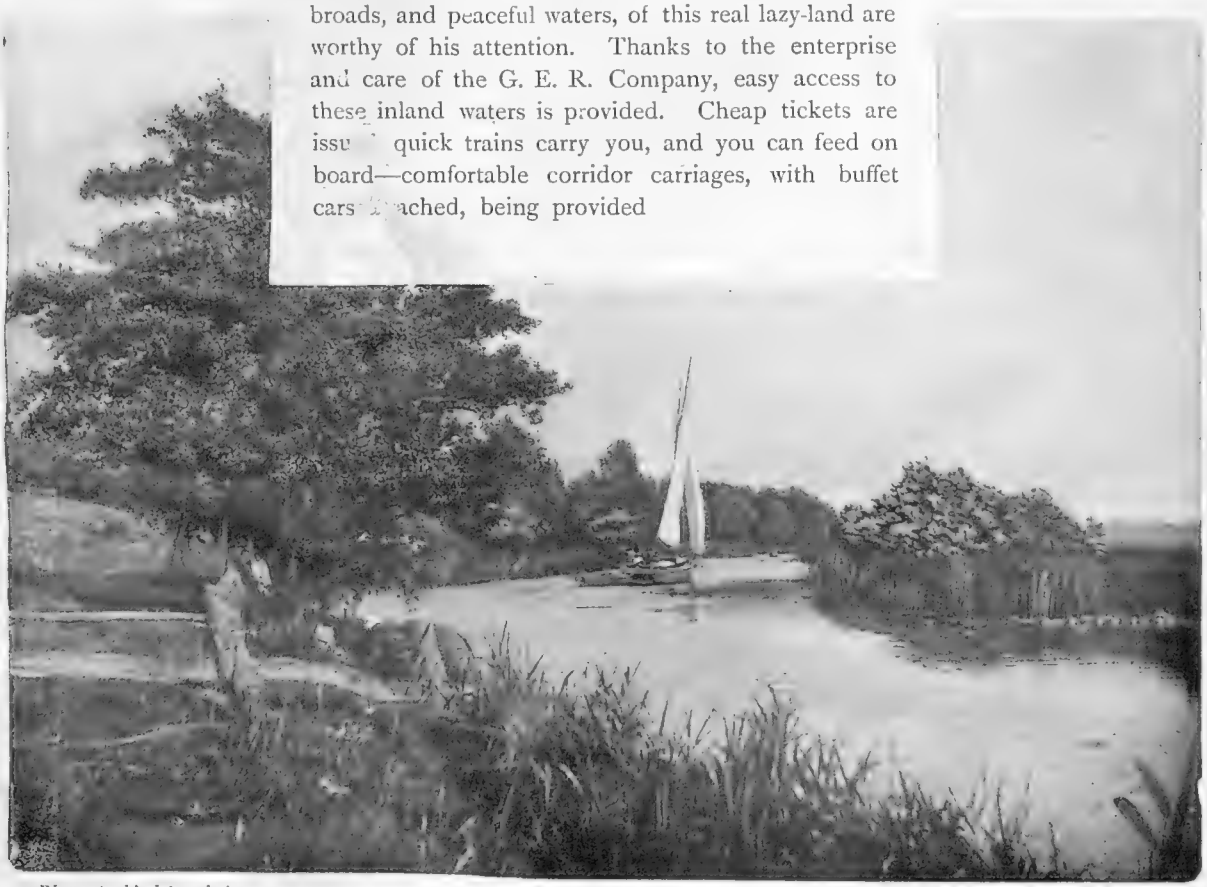
In Lazy-land: A Holiday on the Norfolk Broads

Scene at Wroxham, the starting place for holidays in Lazy-land

Lazying along on a wherry at Brundall, near Norwich

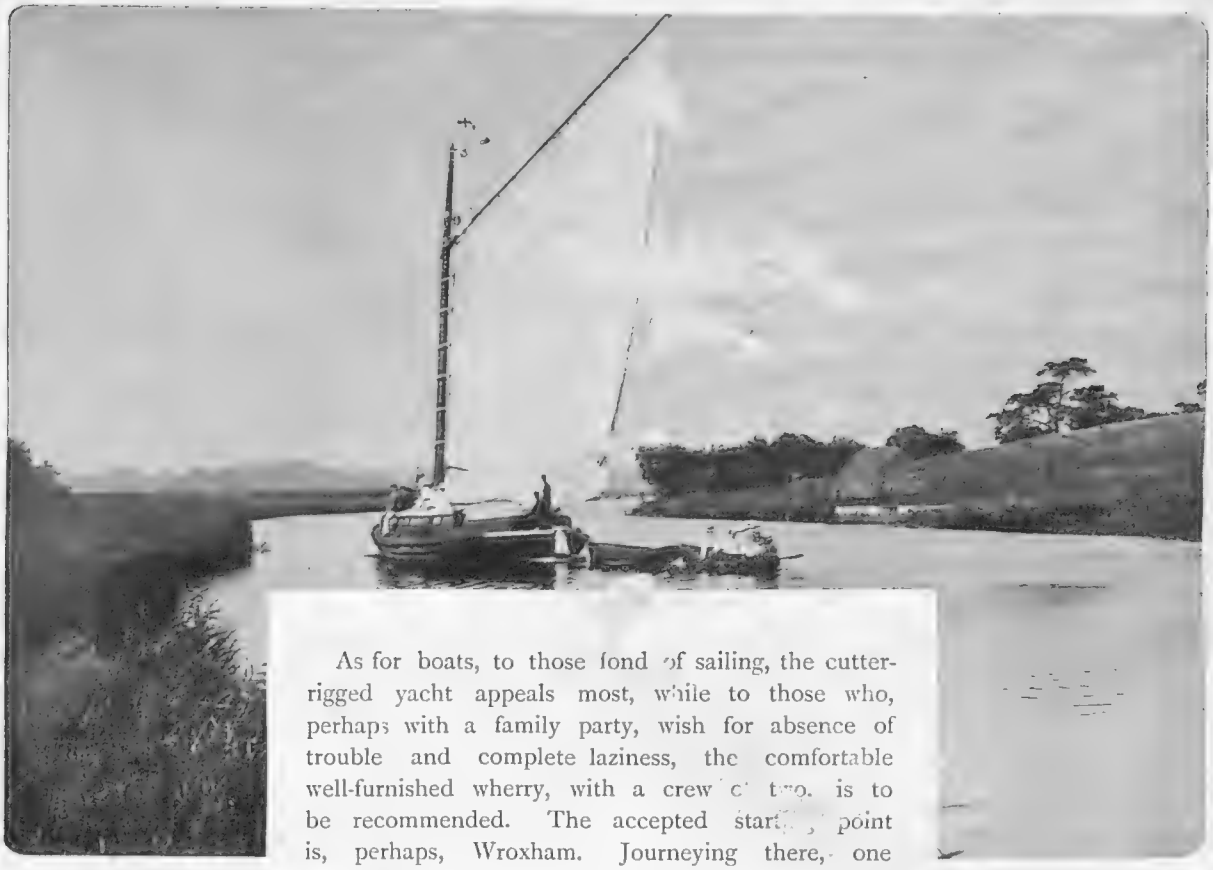
Lead the Lazy Life to Get Real Holidays

STRENUOUS sight-seeing, train travelling, packing and unpacking, still bulk largely in the holidays of many. But there are some, and their number is increasing fast, who believe in a week or two of lazy life, who consider that a holiday charms and benefits in proportion to the amount of real rest that it contains. Should such an one not know his Norfolk, he has good pleasure in front of him; for the rivers, broads, and peaceful waters, of this real lazy-land are worthy of his attention. Thanks to the enterprise and care of the G. E. R. Company, easy access to these inland waters is provided. Cheap tickets are issued, quick trains carry you, and you can feed on board—comfortable corridor carriages, with buffet cars attached, being provided



Photos by kind permission of the G.E.Ry.

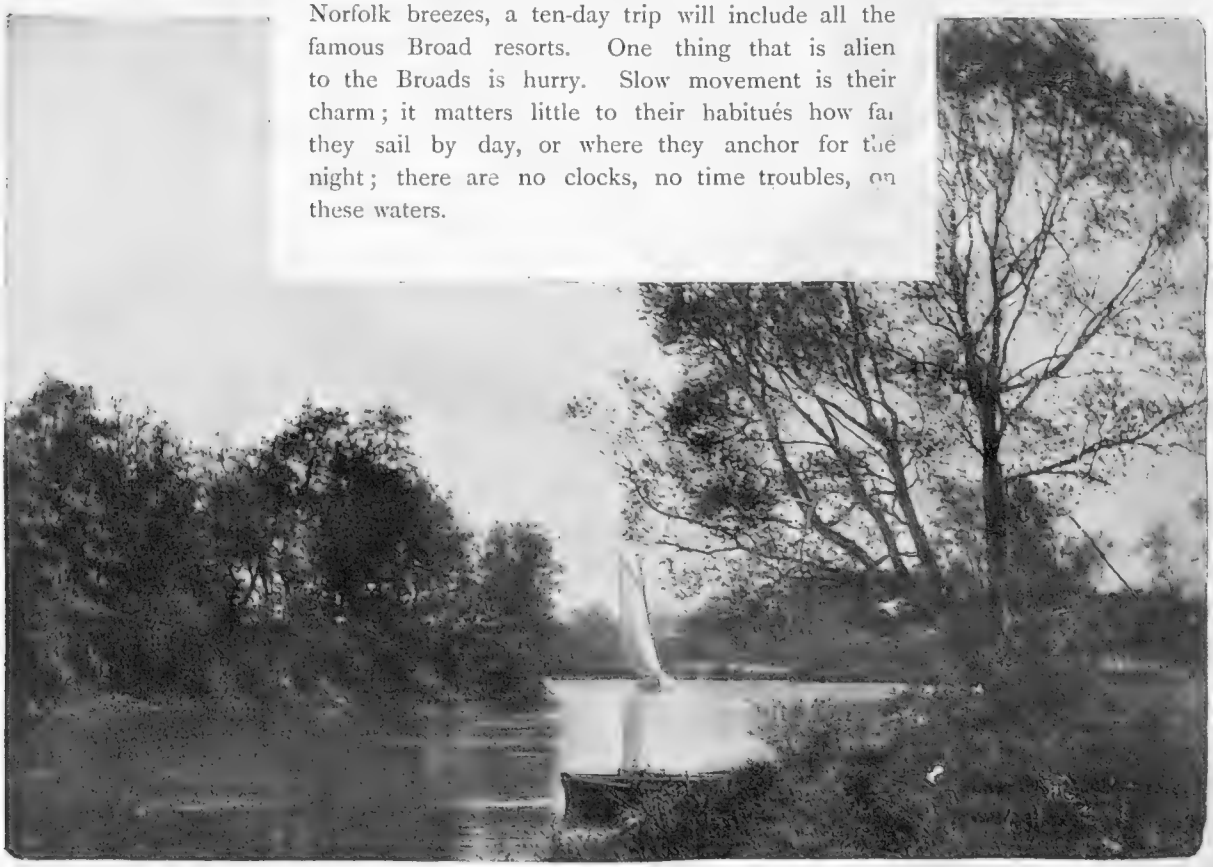
In Lazy-land: A Holiday on the Norfolk Broads



A wherry under full sail on Oulton Broad

As for boats, to those fond of sailing, the cutter-rigged yacht appeals most, while to those who, perhaps with a family party, wish for absence of trouble and complete laziness, the comfortable well-furnished wherry, with a crew of two, is to be recommended. The accepted starting point is, perhaps, Wroxham. Journeying there, one sails lazily, for at this point on the River Bure—well wooded, like a sheltered reach on the upper Thames—there is but little wind. Given the usual Norfolk breezes, a ten-day trip will include all the famous Broad resorts. One thing that is alien to the Broads is hurry. Slow movement is their charm; it matters little to their habitués how far they sail by day, or where they anchor for the night; there are no clocks, no time troubles, on these waters.

A delightful little reach on the Bure



Photos by kind permission of the G.E.Ry.

A Woman's Note Book

The Effect of Yachting on Woman's Character

Much has been written lately about the effect of sports upon character. If we are not tired of the hockey girl it is certainly not because we have been spared any detail as to her manners, deportment, speech, or amiable or unamiable (chiefly the latter) qualities. We have had all the others in turn; we know them by heart—the studious, the domesticated, the frivolous, the so-called new, but now almost ancient, woman. But what of the girl—and the man—who love the shining waters and the fresh sea breezes; who willingly and eagerly forsake the hurried charm of London life before July is out to seek their enjoyment on the sea? Surely, the scientists—and faddists—who ensure our complexions by a bean, and our morals, or want of morals, by bacon, have nothing but praise for yachting. A yacht *must* be conducive to virtue. What is there against it? The cool waters are soothing and healthful, the salt breezes invigorating, the idleness—well, there *is* a nasty little saying of ancient standing which strings together idleness and mischief and evil spirits; but let that pass, and we will call our inactivity, rest for tired nerves instead. What is there, or can there possibly be, against yachting, though the veriest pessimist that ever lived brought up all his prejudices in turn?

Yachting as a Test of Character

To be on a yacht is worse than living in the same house with people, infinitely worse than merely moving in the same society. If you don't like it, and really can't bear it, you can flee from the ballroom or the theatre; but you cannot—neither commonsense nor morality upholding such a proceeding—throw yourself into the sea. The result is that you must put up each day and all day with the company in which you find yourself. It may be congenial, or partly congenial, or altogether *un*congenial, but you must take the chance and bear it. Consequently, all the good and evil qualities that are hidden in mankind come to light under this searching ordeal. We know that no man is a hero to his valet, nor, perhaps, to his nearest relations—I should be sorry to decide whether this were the fault of the valet or the man or the relations—and I think yachting companions can hardly be heroes and heroines to one another either. Indeed, for poor ordinary human nature to uphold the heroic, it is necessary for it to have a good share of solitude and breathing time—to take in new stores of heroism for the trying occasions when "other people" are boring and unpleasant in the extreme.

On Yachting Courtships

Therefore, I would argue that a yachting engagement is a good one; that two young people who fall in love under these circumstances may expect, as the old ladies say, that it will "turn out well." They have probably seen the worst of each other, and quite possibly do not know the best; they have at least shown themselves capable of great endurance and adaptability. So to those older people who find them a trial—and we all know that engaged couples are a trial, while those on the eve of that important state are positively unbearable—I would venture a word of appeal. Do not try to stop it; do not make elaborate, and probably futile, schemes for keeping them apart. It is hard, indeed, to have a pleasure trip turned into a painful experience; to find oneself expected never to be anywhere where one is, or at least to keep on leaving that spot instantly and retire with promptitude into a corner when there is absolutely no corner left to retire into. Only that is the way of the world. Young people may be very inopportune in their times for falling in love, and whenever and wherever they do it, they generally manage to be a bore to their elders. Still, elders remember that you, too—unless perhaps you are dull old maids or crabby bachelors—may once have made the world, though not necessarily a yachting cruise, quite as unbearable for other people.

LADY PHYLLIS.

An Ideal Way of Keeping Cool: A Snapshot taken at a French watering-place

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Cowes Week

Cowes, to my mind, is the biggest social gamble of the year. It may prove the greatest possible success, or, on the other hand, the most lamentable failure, according to whether one does it in company with congenial spirits, or no. Then the ideal Cowes is a judicious blend of sea and land, the Castle grounds proving as welcome a diversion as they become boring, if the entire day is spent there. To enjoy thoroughly this representative regatta, one must be afloat, off and on, and it is just this mingling of water and dry land that enhances the difficulty of providing a toilette capable of meeting both emergencies with becoming *éclat*. Although, frankly speaking, I should prefer to err on the side of practical severity, there is yet something to be said for the claims of the Castle lawn, where toilettes of slightly more feminine flavour than the rough-and-ready suit of serge are necessarily brought into some consideration. And it was possibly to meet this happy mean that

Messrs. Shoolbred,

with their never failing acumen, saw fit to arrange that smart little linen suit illustrated. There are several expressions of this model, the one actually sketched being of white linen, piped navy blue, the navy blue facings to collar and cuffs stitched white braid, and resting on hems of white linen stitched blue braid, with here and there a tiny gold button, to effect a nautical flavour. I like so much the panel front to the skirt, flanked by the seven cross-way folds—it is all so delightfully neat and consistent, and yet in a way decorative; while the comfortable Russian bolero finishes at the back with a telling little *habit basque*. Everything just right and fresh, and worthy of the moment, and the cost only 68*s.* 6*d.* Supplemented by one of Shoolbred's tailor-made white-blanketing cloth coats, for deck wear, the Cowes *élégante* might go very much further and fare very much worse than by a timely visit to Tottenham House.

"Un Fait Accompli"

It looks as though we shall be invited to wear a great deal of alpaca this early autumn. And that this will be an accomplished fact is rendered the more emphatic by the absence of the ready-made alpaca suit. It is so difficult to make the man mind grasp the great truth, that once a *mode* is sacrificed to the public by a shop-window display, its day is over for the world where dress is exclusive and accounted a real art.

Well! I was saying, alpaca is to have a vogue, in exquisite qualities and beautiful colourings, and I have remarked the stream descending from the right and highest quarters, which is always encouraging. Only yesterday, a sweet, cool vision came my way, in the form of a lovely fair girl, clad in the palest silver-grey alpaca. This gown was fashioned with the utmost simplicity—the skirt quite plain, and loose, easy corsage arranged in three broad box-pleats, thrown back at the throat by a little collar of old embroidered muslin. From beneath the collar there came a knotted cravat of delicate *orchidée* mauve panne, a narrow folded belt of the same enclosing the waist, while crowning all came a hat of grey crin, with straight round brim, worn at a bewitching angle, the crown concealed at the back and sides by a wealth of ostrich feathers, shading to mysterious rainbow tints of rose, mauve, and blue.

Pondering this persuasion, I became quickly enamoured by the thought of a navy blue alpaca arranged on similar lines, the centre box-pleat of the bodice ornamented with two lines of small gilt buttons, the gown supplemented by a relay of silk petticoats, waist bands, and hats, for everyday wear, at a representative seaside resort, the details, of course, to give point, of some contrasting colour. Or there is a particularly fetching notion for an alpaca blouse bodice, offered in Miss Pleydel Young's original sketch, white, or some delicate tint, being suggested, with embroideries and buttons in some darker contrasting silk.

A "Mode" of the Moment

Another noteworthy instance of the time it takes a fashion to drift over that little bit of Channel dividing England and France is exemplified in the large floating, ring-spotted net veil. These are almost ubiquitous in Paris, shops such as the "Bon Marché" and Louvre selling them as fast as they can turn them out, and selling them, moreover, at a price that can only be termed appreciable. But the Parisian has always such a splendid understanding of the power of the detail of dress, and therein lies her unwavering success. Whereas an Englishwoman would look twice and three times ere she parted with the price asked for these large enveloping veils, a Frenchwoman never hesitates, for she so administers her allowance as to always have a margin for suchlike smaller decorative matters.

For town motoring, it is quite the most practical type of veil imaginable, irrespective of all pins and fuss, and boasts, in addition, the most wondrously elegant and becoming appearance, while a hat so adorned asks scarcely any other trimming. I should add, that although a straight hem of chiffon represents the most popular finish at present, far prettier and distinctly more novel, is a shallow, waved Chantilly insertion.

Directly in view, one surmises for travelling, a charming toque has put in an appearance, entitled the "Second Empire." This follows closely the lines of a turban, with the brim slightly deeper at the sides, and the whole rather elongated than round. At present, straw, in dull useful colourings, is the solitary medium, the crown enwrapped by a scarf of gauze; but the hour cannot be far distant ere we are asked to consider its counterpart in sturdy felt, relieved by great wings and quills.

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The Cross Channel Motor-Boat Race

"Napier II." finishing first at Boulogne

The race was from Boulogne to Folkestone and back. Although *Napier II.*, after an exciting race with *La Rapière* seen below, was first home by about a minute, she failed to turn the proper side of the buoy, and had to return, thus giving the race to her French competitor

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

The winner, "La Rapiere" going at full speed

The journey from Boulogne to Folkestone, twenty-nine miles, was covered in just over 1½ hours. On the return journey, the wind freshened. As a result, many craft were disabled by heavy seas, and were picked up in all directions, two being towed to Calais, three into Folkestone, and three to Boulogne. Happily no lives were lost

Opening of Hamley's New Premises

202, REGENT STREET

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw"

"Surely something special is taking place," was writ large on the countenances of the uninitiated, who chanced to be in Regent Street on the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday, the 17th and 18th inst., when groups of eager-faced children, attended by proud and indulgent parents, together with the usual complement of fresh white-clad nurses, might be observed all making for one goal, that wondrous bewitching and ever varying toyland, presided over by Messrs. Hamley. And the uninitiated were right in their surmise, the something special was happening, nothing less, indeed, than the inauguration of the magnificent new premises necessitated by an immense increase in business.

A removal is always a serious matter, but it becomes almost vital, after a long sojourn in one spot, and Hamley and the Quadrant have for long been synonymous terms. Remembrance of old, however, will speedily be lost in sincere admiration for the new, for this change to the very heart of Regent Street, so to say, is a change for the better, whichever way you look at it, while a very slight survey of the new showrooms—light, airy and gloriously roomy—send conviction straight home, that here at last will justice be done to the wealth of choice always so miraculously maintained by Mr. Hamley.

Perhaps the finest tribute to the spaciousness of the new abode is found in the first impression one gets that the stock is less than it was, whereas, on the contrary, it is increased threefold. But now, everything is so perfectly arranged, in separate departments, the one terror of toy buying, namely a distracting *melée* of choice, is once and for ever done away with. Thus, if it be a doll's tea or dinner service that is required, a gracious attendant conducts you straight to a corner where the selection, though enormous, is, thanks to order and room, inspected and adjudged in the most perfect ease and comfort.

For the display of boats, floating toys, celluloid dolls, and the like, a long bath of water is provided for practical demonstration. Then books—children's books, *bien entendu*—a feature crowded out of all proper recognition at the old establishment, is being made much of at the new, and what time Christmas is about, we may look to find that always treasured gift, the clever "Nonsense Book," in full swing, and exclusive to the house of Hamley.

Far greater scope, too, is afforded the Kindergarten work, an important item, than which no one has so complete and inexhaustive a supply as Mr. Hamley, while hard-by comes a table given over to a quite remarkable display of shilling toys, which include a number of favourite train accessories, torpedo-boats, and those clever Dickinsonian reminiscence, the Caleb Plummer painted animals.

The showroom upstairs has one appreciably large portion given over to Madame La Poupée, with appurtenances untold in the shape of trousseaux, toilet accessories, wardrobes, trunks, perambulators, and cots. Here also, safely enshrined in a fine glass case, are the delicately constructed mechanical and steam toys, a display unequalled in the annals of toyland, the different grades of railway lines being displayed, for experimental purposes, on a large table close at hand.

Congregated in the lowest showrooms are the games—*The livelier plaything that gives his youth delight*—by no means the least of Mr. Hamley's many triumphs; and this department, like the rest, is rendered pleasant to look upon by reason of the cream-tinted paint, which everywhere predominates, and smooth parquet floor, together with that delightful sense of space and elbow-room.

Or, knowing nothing of Hamley's fame, few will be able to pass the attractive entrance without a further glance therein. For one steps directly out of the commonplace of the street into a very Aladdin's Palace of Delight, a spacious portico, literally lined with glass, behind which are toys, toys, *toujours* toys, and representing an invitation altogether too insidious to be resisted.

It was a kindly thought on the part of the management to send invitations to a free entertainment of juggling, performing dogs, Punch and Judy shows, and the like dearly loved childish pastimes, for the afternoons of the 17th and 18th, and if the "send off" be taken as a happy augury, Messrs. Hamley may, with every confidence, look to the future, not only to maintain, but to materially surpass the success of the years gone by. So to the health of the house of Hamley and its long prosperity.

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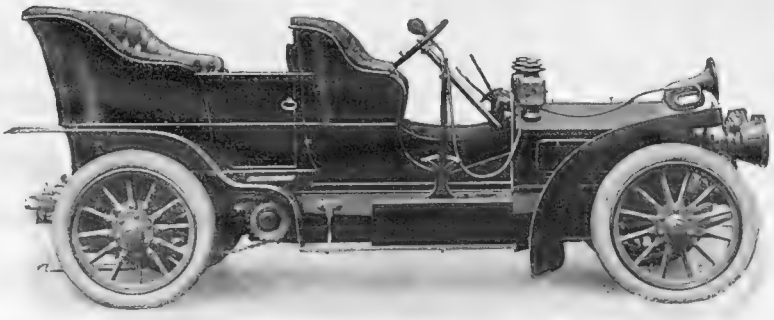

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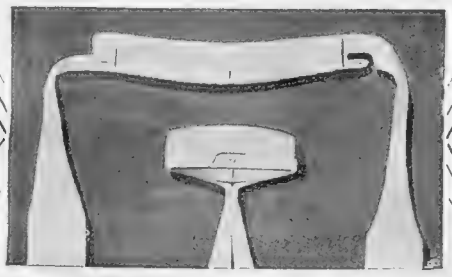

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Business-like Brighton and her Race Meetings

Motors last week kept Brighton busy. The consumption of petrol was big. A crowd of visitors, together with a large number of the inhabitants, spent their time in watching car contests over the town's new Tarmac track. Four thousand solid sovereigns have the authorities paid out to convert the Madeira Road into a special speed strip. Brighton, just as business-like as any other town that takes in trippers, waited expectantly for results. How many motors? *How much* money would this expenditure bring to Brighton? Local ratepayers were more interested in the "how much" question than in racing results.

Organisation, but no Excitement

As to the racing, I own to a little disappointment. Perfect weather, Orde's fine organisation, an up-to-date speed track, a big programme, such a combination deserved success. Excitement was the one thing lacking; bar a few races, the finishes weren't worth looking at. In most cases, the result of the races was decided in the first hundred yards, over the remaining sixteen hundred yards the contest was a procession. Interesting to the competitors, satisfying to the motor enthusiast, but rather unpalatable fare to the great B.P.

In a few heats there were three runners, in the majority but two, in several only one competitor. So much time and care was taken in organising that I wish to avoid criticism. May I, however, suggest that at future race meetings, in the low-powered classes, each heat should contain, if possible, five, but certainly not less than four, runners. On the programme, competing cars need not be divided up into heats. They might be given distinctive numbers and run in lots of five, the numbers of each batch of runners being hoisted on the numerous notice boards just before each race. Motor racing on a single straight mile has no future, unless a reasonable prospect of some of the events resulting in close finishes can be ensured. An up-to-date track, with a dustless, anti-skidding surface, eighty feet across, is quite wide enough to enable at least four touring-cars to start abreast.

A ninety-mile an hour, bucket-seated, wind-swept speed devil is quite another proposition. Even to see such an one come down the track alone, competing only against the stop-watch, is exhilarating. The bounding front wheels, the continuous maxim-like crackle of the exhaust gases, the tense, strained attitude of the man behind the wheel, the crouching mechanician clinging to a 1,000-kilo space destroyer, yield a speed spectacle that all should see. It is the touring-class races that want improving. If this can be done, motor races on the lines of the Brighton fixture have a distinct future.

More Towns Should Compete for the Motorists' Money

In these times of travel, in this Saturday-to-Monday century, in this wherever-you-are-you-want-to-be-somewhere-else age, quite a number of our English towns depend for a large portion of their prosperity on visitors. They look for and expect a select floating population, with spending propensities.

So many places are rivals in this line of business that I wonder that more of them have not thought of attracting the motor section among the travelling public. To Harwich, Cowes, Weymouth, and many another port, the annual regatta is looked forward to

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Brighton's new Tarmac track

A successful motor race meeting was held over this new speed strip. Well situated by the sea, its construction cost £4,000

as a kindly harvest. The motor is really better than a yacht; it does not carry its own cook and wine cellar; the owner cannot sleep on board.

He and his party are delivered into the innkeeper's hands. A willing victim, the motorist is a good payer. Certainly a dust raiser, possibly a disturber of the day of rest, yet he is, as a rule, tame and well-behaved; he possesses purse power, his cheques are worth cashing.

Put Up With His Dust; Pocket His Dollars

A good train-service is not an essential; excursion trains, railway facilities are not necessary; the motor creature is road borne, he travels the King's highway. Consider then, oh ye sleepy English towns, whose shops and inns are hungry for new patronage, consider this curious car-borne creature; study his habits, keep your eye upon his purse. If he delights in a motor meeting, if he fancies a petrol week, why not humour him? If he will travel a hundred miles of dusty roads to pay for the privilege of sleeping at your inns, if he discovers charms and beauties in your old streets that you have never yet observed, why punish him by blocking with police traps the approaches to your town. Put up with his dust; pocket his dollars; and if he really must have, as an additional attraction, a mile or so of track on which to compare the speeds of his silly little cars, why not provide it?

But you who keep hotels, remember just a few things. The speed merchant loves cheap petrol, so sell him spirit at 9*d.* a gallon (and get it back twice over on the wine-list). Lock his motor up at nights, and charge nothing for doing so. Dig pits in the stable-yard, by means of which he can admire the wondrous workings of his 40 h.-p. dust-storm raiser. Last, but not least, don't allow him to be worried with police attentions.

Local publicans, when handing out the free and frequent pint to the police, should use discrimination They should especially favour the constable whose stop-watch never stops a car, who has never taken notice of a back lamp that has gone and got itself blown out.

Clifford Earp on his six-cylinder racing Napier

On the first day of the Brighton Motor Races this car, one of the English Gordon Bennett representaives, took first prize, attaining a speed of seventy-five miles an hour

The Boulogne-Folkestone Motor-Boat Race

Considerable interest was taken in the motor-boat cross-Channel race. Thanks to the quick and convenient service offered by the South Eastern Railway Company, a good few lovers of petrol crossed the water to Boulogne. Three competing classes left Boulogne at 9.30 on a Saturday morning, cruisers, motor fishing-boats, and racers; chief interest naturally being centred in the last section. The British boat was by no means first at Folkestone; after the competitors turned the mark-boat, however, the westerly breeze freshened, and the heavier boat, *Napier II.*, came to the front. She finished first, but owing to a regrettable error on the part of her skipper, she failed to turn the proper side of the buoy. *La Rapière*, the sporting little Panhard boat, therefore received first prize.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photos by] **Rolls' roaring racer, the 150 h.-p. Dufaux, on the new Tarmac track at Brighton** *[Baker and Dixon*

This eight-cylinder speed monster was built to represent Switzerland in the Gordon Bennett

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Yachting Round the Coast: The Solent

The Pier, Southampton

SPEAKING after a yacht club dinner, a Continental yachtsman once remarked that, if good yachtsmen were provided with a happy hunting ground in the hereafter, they could never wish for anything better than to have the Solent at their disposal. And the reasons that led to this utterance are the very same that have made the Solent the centre of English—one might almost write, of European—yachting. Other places, as, for instance, the Clyde, may offer greater attractions to the man whose delight is hard and strenuous sailing; but, in the main, as a sailing ground, the waters washing the Southern Coast of England are unequalled. Beginning with the Cowes and Ryde weeks, the racing man has

Ryde, Isle of Wight, as seen from the pier

Yachting Round the Coast: The Dart

At the mouth of the Dart, looking out to sea

a continuous series of events, following close one upon the other to the West'ard, by Weymouth, Plymouth, and the yachting centres of Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, with, as an additional attraction, the attendant social functions. There, in the Solent, those sporting classes—the twenty-four footers, the Solent and the South Coast One-design Classes, and the Redwings—have their headquarters, and there, also, they race consistently throughout the season.

Once round Land's End the character of the sport changes, there is no less racing, but—with the exception of the small, but sporting one-design classes—the sport available is mostly handicap racing, got up for the local fleets. The whole of the West

A view of Dartmouth

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Yachting Round the Coast: The Bristol Channel

A view of Ilfracombe from Hillsboro'

Coast of England, from the Bristol Channel northwards up, is a hard coast that demands knowledge, skill, and pluck, and off it cruise some of the finest Corinthian sailors we have From a yachting point of view, there is little going off the coast-line between the Bristol Channel and the Mersey, but north of this, on the Clyde and up to Oban, lies one of the finest cruising grounds in Europe. Deep water, unequalled scenery, and a multitude of places wherein to bring up, all these give this portion of our coast a charm all its own.

In this region, too, we find some really serious inland sailing on the English Lakes. Although lacking the charm of blue water sailing, yachting on the Lakes has a *cachet* all its own. The peculiar local conditions have helped the evolution of a type of boat

Inside Lynmouth Harbour

Yachting Round the Coast: The North

A view of West Cliff, Whitby

better able to stand up to the fierce squalls that sweep down from the hills than the ordinary class of sea or river yacht.

Round the Northern Coast of Scotland, from Oban in the west, to the Forth in the east, there are yachts and keen sailing men, but, in the accepted sense of the word, there is very little yachting. This begins at Granton, where the Royal Forth Yacht Club has its headquarters. Further south is Bridlington, where the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club hold their annual regatta, and the Humber, the sailing ground of the fleet of that sporting little organisation, the Humber Yawl Club. Southwards, down the coast, is rather lonely, till comes Norfolk with its Broads, and then yachting centres grow more numerous as we come within a practicable radius from London. From

Yachting on the Clyde

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The Editor is always pleased to [illegible] contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Special payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"Alix of the Glen." By Curtis Yorke. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Rebel Prince." By Seth Cook Comstock. (John Long: 6s.)
"One of a Mob." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 2s.)
"The Opal Serpent." By Fergus Hume. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Royal Slave, and Other Novels." By Mrs. Aphra Behn. (Routledge's Early Novelists' Library: 6s. net.)

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Brittany." By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. (A. and C. Black: 20s.)
"Imperial Federation." By S. W. Kelsey. (Industrial Publishing Company: 2d.)
"Familiar Wild Flowers." By Professor Hulme. Coloured plates. (Cassell: 3s. 6d.)
"The Improvement of London Traffic." A Paper by C. S. Meik, M.I.C.E., and Walter Beer, A.M.I.C.E. (P. S. King: 3s.)
"The Russian Revolutionary Movement." By K nni Zilliacus. (Alston Rivers 7s 6d.)

Arrangements have now been made by which every issue of

THE BYSTANDER

contains an

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF WEEK-END SPORT

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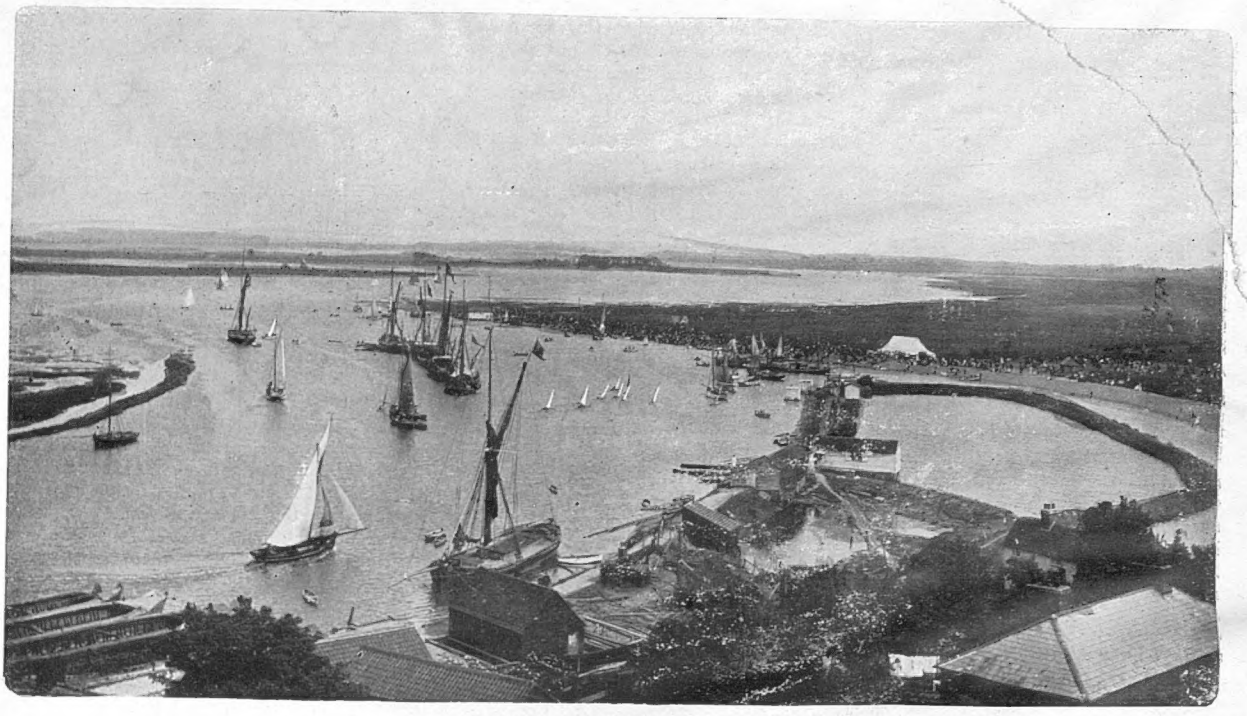
Yachting Round the Coast: The East



A typical scene at Malden

Brightlingsea—yclept Brittlesea—most of the crack acing hands are recruited, going out at the beginning of each season, not only to the home centres, but abroad, to Germany, France, and even further.

Once, and that not so long ago, the harbours of the lower Thames sheltered many yachts owned by London men, but with the advent of increased travelling facilities, it is shorn of much of its former glory; and many who once kept their boats there now keep them in some port on the Kentish coast or in the rivers north of the Thames. On the Crouch, Burnham has, within the last few years, grown to a yachting centre of considerable importance. All through the season, there are races for the eighteen-footers, the largest and one of the most sporting classes on the English coast.

The Parade at Bridlington

The Editor's Box

TO OUR READERS

We regret that, owing to the pressure on our space, consequent upon making this issue a Special Yachting Number, we have been compelled to hold over several of our regular features, including J. A. H.'s "Bookman's Gossip," "Golf Notes," "Concerning," etc. etc.

The Alhambra and "L'Entente Cordiale"

It has at length been finally decided that, after the present International rejoicings at Brest have culminated on Friday, August 11, in the State Luncheon to be given at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London to the officers and bluejackets of the two Fleets, no more fitting or appropriate conclusion to the civic entertainment could possibly follow the banquet than a special afternoon performance at the Alhambra. Thither, at about 2.30 p.m., will the Lord Mayor and his *entourage* proceed in ceremony, accompanied by the French and English sailors; and, in accordance with the wishes of the Lords of the Admiralty, one of the principal items in the distinctive programme framed for the matinée will be a full representation of the highly successful ballet, *L'Entente Cordiale*. Many new and stirring scenes will be depicted by the Urbanora Bioscope; whilst, as befits so important an occasion, the theatre will be lavishly decorated.

"Where to Spend the Holidays"

It is an Englishman's duty to know as much as he can about his own land and its beauties before he samples those of other countries. It would seem that to enable him to do his duty in this respect, and with as little trouble as possible, the London and North Western Railway have issued an attractive booklet under the title, "Where to Spend the Holidays." There are beautiful views of many of the beauty spots in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, accompanied by interesting and instructive letterpress. A very important item, in the shape of a table of fares to the chief places of interest from the different centres (London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool), is also given. This booklet should be in the hands of all prospective holiday-makers.

The "Daily Telegraph" Bisley Cup

A handsome trophy, 30 in. high, made by Messrs. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill

"Coon Turns" at the Palace Theatre

The moment seems to have arrived for the discovery of something new in the way of what is termed "coon turns." Mr. Alfred Butt introduced to the Palace audience, on the 24th inst., a couple of "coloured" artistes, who have already made a considerable reputation for themselves in the United States. A novel feature of Cole and Johnson's performance is in the remarkable refinement of their work, and the fact that of every song sung by them, one of them is author and the other composer. Some of their songs, notably "Under the Bamboo Tree," "The Lazy Moon," "The Congo Love-song," and "The Maiden with the Dreamy Eyes," are already well known in this country.

A New Alhambra Ballet

The evening of Monday, the 17th, saw the production at the Alhambra Theatre of a dainty and diaphanous *fantaisie*, invented by E. H. Ryan and Philip Howden, composed by G. W. Byng, produced by Charles Wilson, and entitled "Le Rêve." Special scenery has been painted by W. Telbin; and the delicate and faerie vision, interpreted by Mesdames Ruth Davenport and Kitty Lindley, and Mr. Ackerman May, is staged nightly at nine o'clock. This is one of the most delightful ballets in Alhambra history. Perhaps many with long memories will be inclined to dispute this assertion, but they will not do so after having seen "Le Rêve."

Amalgation

We observe that *London Opinion*, which has been distinguished from its inception for its efforts to provide for one penny a weekly journal that is not full of balderdash and other fatuities from beginning to end, has merged with itself *To-Day*, the journal edited by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. We wish our contemporary all success in its new departure.

Our Supplement

Our Supplement this week, though, perhaps, appealing especially to golfers, will be welcomed by all our readers for its quaint originality and its humorous tone. "The Rules of Golf" will certainly serve to enhance Mr. Charles Crombie's reputation as a humorous artist, as it is some of the best work he has yet done.

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